THE

Triumphs of London.

Performed on *Tuesday*, *Octob.* 29. 1695.

FOR THE

Entertainment of the Right Honourable

Sr. John Houblon, Kt.

LORD MAYOR of the City of

LONDON.

CONTAINING

A True Description of the Several Pageants; with the Speeches Spoken on each PAGEANT.

All Prepared, at the proper Costs and Charges of the WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF

GROCERS.

To which is added,

A New Song upon His Majesty's *Return.* 6.

By E. S. ettle

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir John Houblon, Kt

LORD MAYOR

OF THE

City of London.

MY LORD,

IN this Dedication to the Right Honourable Sr. *John Houblon*, One of the *Lords* of the ADMIRALTY, Governour of the *Royal* BANK of *England*, and now the great *Lieutenant Royal* of this *Metropolitan City*; methinks, I am enterd into so spacious a Field, with such various attracting Prospects before me, as even divide my Veneration. The Homage is on all

Sides ſo equally Due, that I know not where to Kneel firſt. For Your *Lordſhip* by an *Accumulation* of *Glories*, has, perhaps, ſo far out-run the Common Race of *Honour*; that in Your Acceſſion to the *CHAIR*, as conſiderable a Triumph as it gives you, inſtead of being Your Higheſt *Aſcendant* of *Renown*, is only an *Addition* to Your more ample Pile of *Trophies*; whilſt You have ſo far out-ſtript the *Candidates* of *Dignity* before You, that You *bring* the *Right Honourable* to Your *Prætorian Seate*, not come to *find* it there.

Not that this publick Addreſs, I now make Your *Lordſhip*, is intended for any Piece, either of *Panegyrick*, or *Heraldry*, to Illuſtrate or Blazon the High Promotions to which Your *Lordſhip* has ſo eminently Arrived: No, my *Lord*, I have a fairer Theme, a Speculation above them. For 'tis not *Preferment*, *Titles*, or *State*: 'Tis the *Virtue*, the *Merit*, *Principle* and *Integrity*, that both mount and

fill

fill the Seats of *Power* and *Trust*, are the *embodyed Mass*; when the others are but the meer *Drapery* of HONOUR.

'Tis in this last Capacity, (not the *Pomp* and *Splendour* of Advancement,) but Your *Lordships* Double Qualifications of *Fidelity* and *Ability* to *Execute* in those Exalted Posts, that render You the Subject of an Universal Applause. And though my present Address is chiefly to Congratulate Your *Lordship's Inauguration* into this *August Magistracy*, in which both the Pride and Gratitude of the *Honourable Company* of GROCERS make their profoundest Tenders of Respect to so Conspicuous a Member and Ornament to their *Society:* Yet all this is but an inconsiderable Tribute, compared to what the World has yet to Pay You; For, Your *Lordship* has taken Care for a more lasting *Triumph*; so vast is the Difference betwixt Glittering for a Day, and Shining for a Life.

I ſhould dwell longer upon this inviting Theme, were I not not ſenſible that, to all Your other Accompliſhments, Your *Lordſhip* has that innate *Modeſty*, that You rather ſtudy to *deſerve Encomiums* than to *hear* them; which only Conſideration ſhall check my Pen, and make me the ſooner haſten to Subſcribe my ſelf,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhips

Moſt Obedient and Dutiful Servant

E. SETTLE.

To

To the Worſhipful Company of

GROCERS.

GENTLEMEN,

IT *is now but Three Years ſince I had this Honour before; and If I am come ſo ſoon again to tender my new Service to my Worthy old* Maſters, *I have only this to ſay, That You live in a Warm* Sun *and a Fruitful Soyl; where* WORTH *and* VIRTUE *Spring up apace amongſt You, when You have ſo often the Pride of Filling the* CHAIR *from a* Member *of the* Honourable COMPANY *of* GROCERS.

Your Griffons *are truly a Bird of Wing, when they Fly ſo* High *and Mount ſo* Faſt: *But indeed it is leſs to be wondred that* Growing HONOUR *ſhould* Root *ſo* Strong *and* Flouriſh *ſo* Eminently *with You, when the very* ROYAL-FOUNTAIN *of it, makes* One *amongſt You; whilſt not only the* Lord *of it, but likewiſe the* SOVERAIGN *of the* Chair *too,* Great WILLIAM *himſelf is a* Member *of Your* SOCIETY: *And though, it's true, ſo many* Crown'd Heads *before had ſo often Bleſt Your Happy* Roof: *Yet let it ſuffice, that this laſt* Glory *conſummates Your whole* Renown: *And whilſt You ſtand thus highly Graced with that* Illuſtrious *and* Adorable Name *Inrolled amongſt You; As by the Reach of Your*

Charter

Charter *the whole* Spicy-Neſt *was all Your own before, I may now add this Prouder* Blazon *to Your* Scutcheon, *that You have the* Phœnix *too.*

Dic quibuſcum ſis, & dicam quis es.

(Worth is known by the Compâny it keeps.)

Was a Celebrated True Adage of Old, which you Gentlemen, *have amply Veryfied: For it is ſufficient for the truly Honourable* GROCERS, *to their Nobleſt Reputation, to tell the World, that the Darling of* Britain, *the Champion of* Chriſtendom, *and the Pride of* Europe, *the* Engliſh LYON *Herds with You: And the particular Inclination of the* Albion CÆSAR *in Electing Your* SOCIETY *His* Favourite Choice, *is an ample Demonſtration, that His Encouragement for ſuch an Election, was, that undoubtedly he found thoſe* Virtues *amongſt You,* Neareſt *His* Own; *and* Worthieſt *ſuch* Royal Favour.

And, Gentlemen, *whatever other Conſpicuous* Merits *You challenge, 'tis enough that this ſingle* Plume *in Your Fair* Creſt, *ſhall Entitule You to no Common Share of* Fame; *and 'tis with my Congratulation of This, and all Your Other* Happineſs, *I ſubſcribe my Self,*

GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt Devoted Humble Servant,

E. SETTLE.

The Movements of the Morning.

Between Seven aud Eight in the Morning the whole Company deſigned for the Duty of the Day, meet at Grocers Hall.

1. THE Maſter, Wardens, and Aſſiſtants, in Gowns Faced with Foins, and their Hoods.

2. The Livery in their Gowns Faced with Budg, and their Hoods.

3. Forty Foins Batchelors in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.

4. Forty Budge-Batchelors in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.

5. Forty Gentlemen Uſhers in Velvet Coats, each of them a Chain of Gold about his Shoulders, and a White Staff in his Hand.

6. Several Drums and Fifes with Scarfs, and the Colours of the Company in their Hats, Crimſon and White.

7. The Serjeant Trumpet, and Twenty Four Trumpets more, whereof Sixteen are His Majeſties, the Serjeant-Trumpet wearing Two Scarfs, a Crimſon and a White.

8. The Drum-Major to the King, wearing a Shoulder-Scarf of the Companies Colours, with others of His Majeſties Drums and Fifes.

9. The Two City Marſhals each of them Mounted on Horſe-back, with Rich Furniture, Hooſings, and Crupper, all Embroider'd: Six Servitors likewiſe Mounted to Attend with Scarfs, and Colours of the Companies.

10. The Foot-Marſhal with a Scarf, and Six Attendants in Colours.

11. The Maſter of Defence, with the ſame Scarfe and Colours, Eight Perſons of the ſame Science to attend him.

12. Twenty Penſioners with Coats and Caps employed in carrying the Standards and Banners.

This Ordered, and accomodated, they are committed to the management of the Foot-Marſhal, who diſtributes them in Seven Diviſions, and ranked all Two by Two, begining with the inferior part of the Standard-Bearers. In the Head of them are placed Two Drums, One Fife, and One Gentleman bearing the Companies Arms.

In the Rear of them, Two Gentlemen bearing Banners, containing the Arms of the Deceaſed Benefactors.

In the Center of them, fall Two Drums.

In the Rear of them Three Drums, One Fife, and Two Gentlemen in Pluſh-Coats, bearing Two Banners, One of His Majeſties, the Other of the Companies. After them Six Gentlemen-Uſhers, followed by the Budg-Batchelors.

The next, Two Gentlemen bearing Two Other Banners. After them Six Gentlemen Uſhers, ſucceeded by the Foins Batchelors.

In the Rear fall in Two Drums, and a Fife. Then Two Gentlemen One bearing my Lord MAYOR's, the Other the City Banners. Then Twelve Gentlemen-Uſhers, and after them the Court of Aſſiſtance, which makes the laſt Diviſion.

The Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR, with the Principal Aldermen and Sheriffs, Mounts his Horſe, with the Aldermen Two by Two, the Sheriffs in the Rear.

In this Equipage of Two and Two the whole Body move toward *Skinners-Hall*, where the *Lord Mayor* Elect, attended from his own Houſe, joyns with the Old *Lord Mayor* and his Retinue; whence all of them, in this Order, March

through *King-ſtreet* down to *Three-Crane-Wharfe*, there entring into their ſeveral Barges, which are gloriouſly adorned with Flags and Pendants, His Lordſhip, and this Gallant Company all Landing at *Weſtminſter*, is conducted to the Exchequer-Bar; there having performed ſeveral Ceremonial and Cuſtomary Duties, and taken the Oaths to His Majeſtie, he returns again by Water to *Black-Fryers-Stairs*, with Drums Beating, Trumpets Sounding, Muſick Playing, *&c.*

There his Lordſhip, and the ſeveral Companies Landing from their Reſpective Barges, the reſt of the Attendants that went not to *Weſtminſter*, waiting for his Reception, the whole Body moves in Order before him to *Cheap-ſide*, where his Lordſhip is Saluted with the Firſt Pageant.

The Firſt Pageant, of FAME.

ON a large Stage are Erected Four Antique Pedeſtals, upon which are planted Four Urnes of Gold, from which iſſue forth Four Trees ſprinkled with Golden-Nutmegs. In the Center is planted a large Camel of Gold, being the Creſt of the Honourable Company; on which rides a beautiful Figure, richly and properly Dreſt, repreſenting *Fame*; Below, on each ſide of the Stage, are placed Four Figures more, *viz. Juſtice*, *Mercy*, *Equity*, and *Law*.

Fame

Fame thus Addreſſes His Lordſhip.

IF Monarchs *in their Soveraign Command,*
In no leſs Poſt than Heav'ns *Vicegerents ſtand;*
And, in the Second Sphear of Government,
The Magiſtrate *dos the* Crown'd-Head *Preſent;*
Hayl then, My LORD, *to Your* Prætorian Seat,
Where both the Cæſars *and* Heav'ns *Image meet:*
And here 'twixt Juſtice, Equity, *and* Law,
So near the Life Your Great Originals *draw;*
Till Your Auguſta's *Heart, ſo all Your Own,*
You fix the CHAIR *the Copy af the* THRONE:
Whilſt 'twixt her Ecchoing Praiſe *and Bended* Knee,
You make Your Happy Year a Jubilee,
Thus ſhall You Eternize Your Hononour'd Name,
And never want the loudeſt Trump of Fame.

The Second Pageant.

The Chariot of VICTORY.

A Large Chariot ſplendidly Imbelliſhed with all manner of Enrichments of Silver, as Lyons Heads, Large Shields, Noble Feſtoons, and Emboſſed

boſſed Goloſs; The Wheels likewiſe are Silver. Beneath the Chariot Wheels are Piles of Trophies, all of Silver, *viz.* Helmets, Targets, Armory of all ſorts, *&c.* This Chariot is drawn by Two ſtately Griffons, the Companys Supporters, on whoſe Backs are ſeated Two Princely Figures, Repreſenting *Aſia* and *America*; as being thoſe Parts of the World whence the Spicery and other Grocery are Imported. In this Chariot ſits a Figure Repreſenting *Victory*, Attended by *Six* more Figures Perſonating *Wiſdom*, *Policy*, *Labour*, *Induſtry*, *Vigour*, and *Vigilance*.

VICTORY Speaks.

WHilſt Victory, *with all her ecchoing Praiſe,*
Dos the Great WILLIAM's *Deathleſs Honour raiſe,*
Is it the Heroe's *only Crown'd? And grows*
The Laurel *only for the* Warriour's *Brows?*
No! Peace *her Trophies has, as well as* War:
Your Lordſhip *with Great* Cæſar *ſhares thus far;*
He in his Martial, *You Your* Juſtice *Seat;*
Whilſt He in Foreign Fields in Fame ſo Great,
His Sword *and* Shield *his Glittering Wreath Secures,*
Your Sword *and* Scales *at Home ſhall Plant You Yours.*

This Difference, 'tis true, Your Toyls attends;
His Foes He Conquers, You ſhall win his Friends.
Thus both the Prince *and* Magiſtrate *ſhall joyn,*
Both Glories Tune One Harmony Divine:
Your Olive-Garland, *with his* Bays *ſhall Shine.*

The Third, the Plantation *Pageant.*

IN the Center of a very large Stage is Erected a Magnificent Pile, as the Shrine of *St. Anthony, Patron* to the Honourable Company; In this Pile, under Four Arches ſits *St. Anthony* and Three more Attendants, Repreſenting *India, Perſia,* and *Arabia*; The whole is Environ'd with Twelve Pedeſtals, bearing as many Large Golden-Urnes, from whence Iſſue *Cinnamon-Trees*, Richly Ornamented with Flowers, Bloſſoms, Golden-Fruit, *&c.* Within the Body of this *Pageant* are ſeveral Perſons in Rural Habits, as *Negroes, Tanneys, Virginia-Planters, &c.* All exerciſed in Imitation of their ſeveral Employments. The whole *Pageants* all Adorn'd with *Flags* and *Streamers.*

St.

St. ANTHONY's *Speech.*

WHilſt Proud St. Anthony, *in his Spicy Plains,*
The Honourable Grocers Patron *Raigns*;
'Tis here my Aromatick *Odours ſpring*;
And my Rich Fruits their fragrant Harveſt bring.
But hold!---- From my poor Throne, I muſt remove,
'Tis You're the Lord *of all my* Balmy Grove:
'Tis from Your Smiles alone each kind Perfume,
And all my Oriental *Sweets muſt Bloom.*
Sweets did I ſay! You've Sweets yet more Refin'd;
Virtue *and every* Grace *that decks Mankind.*
Virtue *a Plant of* Paradice *may boaſt,*
Th' Original Offspring of the Eden *Coaſt:*
Nor let the Famous Bird *of the Fair* Eaſt
Vaunt *her Proud* Urne *of that* Rich Maſs *poſſeſt*;
'Tis Virtue *only Builds the* Spicy Neſt.

A SONG.

I.

GRin *Malice*, burſt *Envy*, cheer *Albion*, ſing Fame.
'Tis all a juſt Tribute to NASSAU's Great *Name*;
He comes! And, hark, round
The *Hoſannas* reſound.
In his Chariot Triumphant the Heroe dos move,
Whilſt His own Grateful Thunder ſalutes our dear *JOVE.*

II.

II.

The Virgins ſtrew *Flowrs*, and the Matrons they *Pray*,
The Nymphs on the Plains, and the Shepherds they *Play*.
The Groves they all Ring,
Whilſt the Nightingales Sing
And the Lark to the Skies the ſweet Harmony bears,
Till the Gods joyn ith' *Chorus* and new Tune their Sphears.

III.

He comes, yes he comes, but more ſtrong to Return:
His Friends they Rejoyce, but His Foes they muſt Mourn.
His bold Pen of Steel,
Has yet Volumes to fill;
For the brave *Britiſh* LYON the *Lillies* muſt Win.
He began at the *Boyne*, and ſhall end at the *Seine*.

FINIS.